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JOHN T. HEARN, Editor.  
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## THREE BRAVE MEN

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" asked her mother.

"But they do not suit me," said Barbara, coolly trying her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with Big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was a fighter?"

"He is as placid as a goat's milk."

"That is no sign he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"Is he no bigger than a bantam cock? It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give those fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

"I will, mother," she said, at last.

"That evening, Ernest, the gunsmith knocked at the door."

"You sent for me, Barbara?" he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, respectfully warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, as he looked at her intently."

"I want to test you."

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"That is all right. I will do it. I am an old fellow on stairs, and the murderer, was buried in it, but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty, at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say granddaddy does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though I know nothing about it. Dare you make that your bed to-night?"

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay there till morning," said the imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

"I vow it."

Ernest turned straightway, and followed a lad in waiting, through dim rooms and passages, echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away; but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room, by aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that barred Granddaddy Ferros had been in there several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin. "He kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it is a very good fit," said the boy who went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone, in the dark.

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, "you would have kissed her, wouldn't you? I have a test to put you to, before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my granddaddy died, in the unopened wing of the house. If you dare sit with it all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing!"

"Are these all the conditions you can make me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose solitary stare, as if Ernest's placid face as he lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flustered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall I do?"

"I have a proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me!"

"Well, in this house is a man watching a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples."

## FAITHFULNESS AND SAGACITY OF A DOG.

None of my Australian pets, of which I had quite a menagerie, was more faithful than Lion, a Scotch shepherd's dog, or collie.

He was given me when quite young and my husband had taken no little pains to train him in amusing tricks. He invariably attended us wherever Mr. Shepard and I went together, even to the park, where at first the vagrants harassed us by letting him, and he put his chair at the post in the morning.

Barney did as he required, and saw the tanner sit blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber. Barney was sitting at his vigil.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter in the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them, and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked, but something made him stop. He felt as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and, at last, in spite of everything he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if some body had touched him. He awoke with a start and saw nobody near, though in the center of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed, in a fright, using the very first words that came into his tongue. The figure held up its right hand and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The specter came nearer, pressing him in the corner.

"The d--I take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back, still the figure advanced, coming nearer and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and, as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, and more and more enraged at the distance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while pumping the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lounge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both men, then, and the tanner, looking on, saw Lion, cursing "like mad" down the hill in front of the house, his coat covered with foam and his tongue hanging out. Into the room he bounded, and running up to me, with short, jerky motions, he endeavored to make me understand. I patted him on the head, and said: "What is it, Lion, poor fellow?"

He looked wistfully at me for a moment, and as I made no motion to stand, and as I seated myself, he came and gave a loud, painful whine, as if he were in pain. He then turned and looked out of the window toward the hill and back to the doorway, where, panting, he broke out into the most dismal howl. Then, coming up to me, he pulled my skirt, and then, giving me that strange, unutterable look that dumb creatures only can give, he ran into my bedroom, and came out bringing my garments and sun-bath, which were on a chair, and laid them at my feet. The whole performance did not take two minutes. "Dumb master want me, Lion," he said, and then, with a nod, he gave, the frantic waving of his tail, told he understood me, and was glad that I had understood him.

Grasping the little satchel I always kept ready for emergencies, containing arnica, camphor, liniment, and a flask of brandy, I took a cushion of fresh straw, and followed my faithful friend. Hurry as I might I could not keep pace with his desire. Constantly he would reach forward and then coming back, would pull at my gown as if to hurry me.

At length, about a mile and a half from home, I found my husband fallen on the ground, motionless. Using the restoratives I had brought I soon had the delight of seeing him return to consciousness, and found that, feeling very ill, he had left his bed, intending to return home, but a weakness overpowering him, he had fallen by the way. Lion's instinct (is it only instinct?) led him to me. Leaving the faithful fellow to watch by his master, I followed the course pointed out by my husband, and soon reached the cheerful sound of the woodman's axes ringing through the forest, and coming to the place where they were felling timber, took four men back with me. Contriving a rude ladder of wattle branches, we took my husband home, smitten down by that fearful scourge, the cholera.

Wordy reports between rivals of note generally make pretty good reading in news papers that contain little startling and few solid editorial, and they become particularly interesting when all parties are personally known to every reader. Mr. George, an editorial writer for the Louisville Journal, was an adept in the art, and usually found men worthy of his steel among the editorial fraternity in Kentucky. Shadrach Penn was one of these worthy journeymen, and the battle generally waged severely between the two. He and I were intimate friends and almost continually together, but they would time and again violate each other's most sacred confidences for the purpose of some petty joke or home thrust. On one occasion the two were bathing in a "sanitarium," and Mr. Penn fell fast asleep in his bathtub. Penn saw him, and laughing immoderately at the prospect of a good joke the next morning, betook himself to his office, where he prepared an elaborate sketch for publication, detailing the fact that Penn was drunk in a bathtub. He had no foolish scruples about mentioning names. Penn, however, was awakened by Penn's prolonged laughter, and bedclothes as he lay, he was humiliatedly comprehended the situation. He immediately returned to his office and also prepared an elaborate account of the affair, embellishing and coloring it to suit the desperate circumstances under which he labored. The next morning the two were bathing in a "sanitarium," and Mr. Penn fell fast asleep in his bathtub. Penn saw him, and laughing immoderately at the prospect of a good joke the next morning, betook himself to his office, where he prepared an elaborate sketch for publication, detailing the fact that Penn was drunk in a bathtub. He had no foolish scruples about mentioning names. 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was noted by his careful attention to business. The ball from the pistol struck him in the temple, striking him dead. The man who fired the shot was knocked, Conductor Beasely took back with the train, and every effort was made to gain some view of the perpetrator, but in vain, and the train carried on its way. The man who died with it, Coroner Shadburne held an inquest this morning at J. C. King's coffin rooms, and from the evidence adduced a verdict was rendered of death at the hands of an unknown party. A man standing by the body of a man in jeans by the woodpile dressed in jeans pants, but did not see him shoot. The belief is that he was assassinating. For sometime back some melder has been busy setting a trap on Cerezo's train, and told the coroner's jury yesterday that he had caught a man in the act, and had a difficulty with him; that the party threatened to fix him when he returned at night; that he was to come, not any description, captures, and was in vain.—*Louisville Express*, 7th.

All those who have perused to-day's outstanding and influential Democratic paper, which was always good and reliable, will be struck with the marked improvements which, during the past year, have been made in it, rendering it, evenside from its political character, one of the best newspapers published in the United States. The paper is worthy of wide circulation. We observe that its energetic proprietors have offered premiums to the amount of two hundred and seventy-five dollars, made in the form of a reward to those who send the largest list of subscribers to their Weekly edition. In addition to this, they have also received a copy of the *Enquirer* Manual, a complete statistical work, difficult to be dispensed with by those who take an interest in political affairs. We hope to see liberal competition among the Democratic friends for these liberal premiums.

ty in both branches. With a Democratic Governor to back it, it is expected that the Legislature, when it meets next January, will set to work to undo a great many of the Republican party measures they have been passed since that party has had control of the Legislature. Among other matters the ratification of the 15th Amendment by the last Legislature may be reconsidered. Why not? The Republicans claim that they can secure enough votes to veto the Legislature this winter, they will resend the action of the last Democratic Legislature that rejected this Amendment. If it can be done in one case why not in others? What is "saucy for the goose should be saucy for the gander." We trust the Democrats of the Empire State will watch the Buckeye Republicans, and see to it that they play a fair

**S**ister Loretto, the nun who smoothed the pillows of the dying Thaddeus Stevens, died last week.

**H**aitian advices state that the city of Mingoane was captured by the rebels about the middle of last month, through the treachery of General St. John, who was afterward tried and executed. The gunboat Algonquin had arrived from New York, and was transferred to the Haytian navy. Alexander Tate had left for Washington, as Hay-

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